Archives
BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

Congo News Letter

MARCH 1957

INTRODUCTION TO CONGO

V. 49:1
1957:1
CBBD

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLIX MARCH 1957 **No. 1**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Journey's End	Marion Simmons	3
A Dream Fulfilled	Cliff and Joy Stabell	6
Doctor, Nurse, Bookkeeper, Chief	Rhoda Nielsen, R.N.	9
Pastor in the "Brush"	Bob and Betty Barnett	11
Homemaking in the City of Mud	Jeannette Stuart	15
Girls, Hair-dos and Home-Ec	Ethel Forcinelli	17
Connecticut to Congo	Joseph Forcinelli	19
Introductions at EPI	Leon and Martha Emmert	22
School Principal—African Style	Charles Stuart	25
Requests Unlimited	Philip J. Uhlinger	27
Then and Now	Viola L. Smith	29
Mission Directory		32

Editor
ROSE UHLINGER

Business Manager
LEE WEAVER

Published Quarterly by the Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Subscription price 75 cents a year; 3 years or 3 subscriptions for $2.00. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 35 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., B. P. 4728, Leopoldville 2, Belgian Congo.

We request that if any material in the Congo News Letter be quoted, or reprinted, a credit line indicating source be given.

JOURNEY'S END

By Marion Simmons

SO brightly did the stars pierce through the Congo sky on the night of October 27, that one felt almost impelled to reach up towards them. Under this sky a single truck rumbled and bumped and jolted along the principal — the only — highway linking Matadi, Congo's busy port town, and Léopoldville, her capital city. An occasional sign bearing an exclamation mark was the only traffic warning, the only indication that vehicles had actually passed that way before. In fact, an exclamation mark or two, and there is little left to be said about the Léo-Matadi road !

One of the three occupants of the truck, was especially breathless — for me, this starlit ride represented my long-awaited arrival in Congo ! Bouncing along between Phil Uhlinger and Joe Forcinelli, whose acquaintance I had made but a few hours before, I was conscious that the three hour trip from Matadi to Banza Manteke was strangely symbolic of the few years that preceded my coming to Congo. There we were, a little spot in what was yet to me a vast unknown. I could scarcely visualize the countryside through which we were passing — and certainly what I felt of it was not particularly reassuring !! But always our headlights lighted up just enough of the road to guide us safely on ! More sharply than ever before I knew I was travelling the road God wanted me to follow.

Part way to Banza Manteke we stopped at Kengi, an African village where Phil had some business to settle with the regional school teachers. There, in the light of kerosene lanterns which only vaguely illuminated the thatched-roof huts and smiling faces, I met some of the Congolese among whom I had come to work, and had my first lesson in Kikongo: "Sala mbote" (Stay well) .

The days since my arrival in Congo have had a disconcerting way of running into one another. I sometimes feel that I have always been in Congo, and other times I find it hard to believe that almost three months have passed since my arrival ! My third day at Banza Manteke saw me already in the classroom, teaching

Geography and French to the secondary school boys. The memory of those first few weeks is still painfully vivid: 160 Congolese boys who, to the uninitiated eye, might well have been poured from the same mould so exactly did they seem to resemble one another. It was sufficient for a boy to change his shirt or shift his chair, and I no longer knew if he were Mpumpu, Nsiamindele, Wasaulua or perhaps Ntonenedio !!

Other memories flood into my mind in the same confused disorder in which the events and situations seemed to occur during those first weeks. There were the insects, the spiders and cockroaches, of which there was no lack in the small thatched-roofed, bamboo house in which I spent my first days at Banza Manteke. Ever have a cockroach down your neck ? I bet I broke all speed records for undressing that night!!

Then there were the first language lessons with our cook Tata Malaya who, himself, speaks both French and English, and the moments spent cuddling Tuty Jane, our wee bit of ebony, left an orphan at her birth and now being cared for on the station by her grandmother. There was the constant class preparation necessary when one arrives in the middle of the term and must give all classes in French ! And especially there was Mary Bonar, our wonderful station "Mama," always ready to help when asked, yet never thrusting her opinions or advice on new missionaries whose trial and error methods must often seem exasperating to Mary's years of experience. It is a real privilege to share Mary's home for this my first year in Congo. In a way I feel not unlike the medieval students who frequently were apprenticed for a time to a master workman !

However, it is the secondary school that absorbs most of my time — and my thoughts. Our six-room, cement block building set amongst palm and flamboyant trees, is strikingly different from the two-room high school on the bald Canadian prairies in which I taught last year. However, wherever there are teenagers, no matter what the country, the race, or the size of the school, there joy and difficulties go hand in hand. Our greatest problem in the educational work in Congo is finding the teaching personnel to satisfy the hunger for knowledge everywhere so apparent.

Sometimes our school problems are much less abstract than

the longing, hope, and ambition behind a pair of bright black eyes. Some of us were concerned, annoyed even, when last term heads began to nod in class. When an explanation was demanded, the response came in the form of an invitation to visit the boys' dorms in order to appreciate something of their bedbug scourge. Straw mattresses spread out on cement slabs invite insect trouble if the utmost precautions are not taken; and all of you parents of teenage boys will appreciate our difficulty in persuading 160 youngsters to take the necessary precautions!!

Nevertheless, one Thursday morning great preparations were afoot in the boys' quarters. Fires were built, water was drawn pail by pail from a near-by river and put on to boil in big metal barrels. Soap — a very potent variety, manufactured locally — was added, and finally the brew was sloshed about the dorms over the floors, walls, ceilings, and beds. I greatly fear that the bedbugs, safe in their cracks and crannies, only smiled at our feeble efforts to wash them down. Yet man, science, and perseverance will, I think, have the last word, for at the moment of writing, a team of students are devoting their Christmas holidays to a DDT bombardment of all the dormitories on the station!

Yes, Congo presents many problems, some concrete and down to earth, others more intangible; yet all urgent and challenging. Lack of personnel and one's own feeling of inadequacy before the mighty task seem at moments overwhelming Yet one feels God's presence at every turn. How else explain the tremendous work that has already been done — for the problems have always been the same ! And Congo is beautiful. Beautiful not only for her abundance of vegetation and vivid colours : the flaming sunsets, the frangipani and flamboyant trees, the graceful white egrets on the green grass and the golden mangos hanging from the trees, — yes even the spiders, and the lizards with their red tails ! — but Congo is beautiful for its people, and the great potential that its young folk represent in a world so desperately in need of fine, consecrated youth. Every time I look over a classroom of bright, mischievous faces, I feel a great stirring within me as I sense the wonder of that potential, the magnitude of the challenge, and the urgency with which God is calling to this corner of His vineyard.

THE LONG LONG JOURNEY—

A DREAM FULFILLED

By Cliff and Joy Stabell

LET'S see — yes, it was in the winter of 1950 that we got up from our knees in our Chicago apartment knowing that the Lord wanted us to take definite steps in the direction of the "foreign" mission field. This was not our first "triangular" discussion of the matter of God's geographical location for our life service for Him. The problem had really begun for both of us many years before, for one of us in Sweden and for the other in Western Canada, when we were in our pre-teens.Christ had made an entrance into our lives. For both of us it was a long, uncertain road from the decision to be loyal to Christ, to the doors of a seminary, but God saw it at a glance.

The trouble was that when we finally reached the place where God wanted us, there was still a long road stretching out before us. Even though it was plain that God wanted us in His diplomacy department, under which particular branch of His church did He want us to go? It took a while to settle this question, but we prayerfully decided that if we could qualify, the avenue of service for us would be the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

One might think at this point that the Lord had taken us over the hardest part of the trail and that we would be accepted with open arms. Isn't every mission board crying for recruits? Although the need is there, the door does not open easily. During three more years of schooling the mill began to grind: required recommendations from what seemed a ridiculously large number of people, personal meeting with the Candidate and other mission secretaries, forms and examinations, writing of personal history sketch, Christian experience, theological position and missionary call. Then it must all be reviewed by many different competent Christian leaders across our denomination. Finally, "You are asked to appear before the candidate committee of the A.B.F.M.S. meeting in Boston." There were six couples that time who went into the "judges' chamber" and

came out with the stamp of approval. As one mission professor stated at a conference: "*The field demands men and women of spiritual maturity, sound judgment, some specialization, with more than average education — someone who can get along with people and who knows the Scriptures — missionaries who are robust and healthy with a pleasing outlook on life* ....(after a pause) .... then they had to take you!"

No, we couldn't get on the next ship headed for Africa as we would have liked to do. Our program — Finish the year of school, journey across the continent to Heightstown, New Jersey, to spend five days learning about our mission program from the members of the New York Staff. Later pack up and head for Meadville, Pennsylvania, for six weeks of living with and learning from old and new missionaries of various denominations in courses on the missionary task, Bible study, methods of language study, Bible translation and distribution, anthropology, literacy work. Inspirational, beneficial, yes indeed. But no ship in sight yet. Finish the summer off with deputation work, then another year of specialized study about Africa with a good start in the French language at Hartford School of Missions in Connecticut.

Five years of college seminary work, three years of graduate work and one year of specialized mission study was, we thought, sufficient, especially when one considers that many missionaries are sent out after having had only Bible School training. But now it was required of us to spend another long year in Brussels. Now wait a minute — that's going too far. But had we forgotten the verse in I Peter 5 : 10, 11: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, (study is a form of suffering for some of us!) make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you." And weren't we forgetting that a high percentage of young and inexperienced though fine missionaries never return for a second term because of the lack of this preparation and discipline? Another year of being equipped intellectually and spiritually certainly wouldn't break our backs if that was what the Lord wanted for us.

It was a pleasant trip to Belgium and during the year there were many spiritual compensations for the ten-month

concentrated language study and six-week whirlwind colonial instruction. There was the treat of sharing in a world-wide Christian fellowship, and the reward of coming to Congo with a Belgian certificate affording us a free hand to teach.

At long last we were on the threshold of the Congo. A two-week ocean voyage brought us to its doorstep — the mighty muddy Congo River — then through its doorway, the port of Matadi, on October 15, 1956 —six years, two and one-half Children, thousands of miles and four schools after the day of our decision. One might ask, How does it feel when the hopes and plans of so many years finally come to a fulfillment? does the reality measure up to the dream or is there disillusionment? Having been guided for so long by a God-given call, we found that arriving in Congo was like coming home. From the moment when we caught our first glimpse of the mouth of the Congo River we have been surprised that we have not felt more of a strangeness, that the adjustment has not been more difficult. The discomforts we had dreaded most have failed to materialize: instead of withering beneath a sweltering heat, we find ourselves for the major part of the time delightfully comfortable. The insect life is not the plague we had thought it would be. And thanks to God and modern medicine and care, we have been spared the illnesses which used to lay missionaries low so early in their careers.

All this is not to say of course that there have been no disappointments or discouragements. These have come in areas where we had not expected them, some being rooted in the learning of a new manner of living, others growing out of the changing roles of the missionary and the indigenous church for which we had been somewhat but not completely prepared.

What a tremendous task! The work that is being done and the job yet to be accomplished are overwhelming, but the resources, human and monetary, so limited. *But* "my God shall supply *all* your needs according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." And those riches are without limit.

DOCTOR.. NURSE.. BOOKKEEPER.. CHIEF

By Rhoda Nielsen

THIS is the end of a busy day and I wonder if you might not like to follow me through some of my activities.

At 6:15 a.m. the day in the maternity started with a devotional period led by our African midwife. Then the expectant mothers lined up outside the delivery room which also serves as examination room. As their names were called they came in for their weekly check-up. Today we had 19 and about half of these were new ones coming for the first time. As we examine them we look for conditions which might cause difficulties at the moment of the delivery or during the pregnancy and we are always happy when we discover them early so that we have a chance to send them to our mission hospital at Kimpese where the skill of a doctor is available. However, difficulties arise which we could not possibly have anticipated and so from time to time we have to make emergency trips to Kimpese in the ambulance — a Ford Pick-Up. This is not a comfortable trip as it goes through the hill country of lower Congo, but the two-and-a-half hours ride is worth the discomfort when in return we may have a live mother and baby as well.

The prenatal clinic lasted until 8:30 and I hurried home for a belated breakfast. At 9:30 I was back at the hospital again, this time for our weekly baby clinic. The purpose of these clinics, of which I have four each week in different places, is to have a close check on children from birth to three years of age. As they are weighed and examined we are often able to catch diseases in their early stages. The things we especially look for are anemias, undernourishment, pulmonary and upper respiratory diseases as well as malaria, and intestinal infections. Today as 87 little ones went through my hands six of them were hospitalized for prolonged treatment.

Well, before I knew it the hospital bell rang the noon hour and it was time to go home for dinner. The noon hour is from 12 till 2 pm. It is in the heat of the day and if we are to keep our health and our good disposition we better try to respect these

two hours as rest period. At 2 p.m. I was back at the hospital to check on some laboratory tests and to talk over some problems with the head nurse, Tata Hezekiah. The two of us made rounds at the hospital, checking on those who are seriously ill and seeing the new arrivals. I would say that about half of our patients are children. It almost breaks my heart to see their undernourished, anemic little bodies, knowing that many of them don't even have half a chance of ever getting thoroughly healthy and happy. Then too my heart yearns for them that they may have the security of a Christian home.

The duties of a missionary nurse are many and varied. There are days when I spend time in the leprosarium and other days when I make trips to the district dispensaries, as far as 125 miles away. These dispensaries are in charge of African nurses but they need supervision and they need someone with whom they can talk over their problems. The life of a dispensary nurse is not an easy one. Because he is alone and is one of their own, the people tend to take advantage of him.

Then as I sit here at my desk I see another kind of work which needs to be done. There is a letter from the Belgian Sanitary Agent which should be answered. In my basket I find a stack of bills which needs to be paid and here on a slip of paper I have written down supplies of drugs, food, blankets and mosquito nets, roofing irons, etc. which must be ordered soon. Then too there is the bookkeeping to do, keeping track of 700,000 francs expenditure per year which would be a lot easier if I could find time to do it *each* day. Thank goodness the government and mission end-of-the-year statistical reports are done.

Finally I glance over to my bookcase and there is my Kikongo textbook waiting to be opened and studied so I might be able to carry on my duties with greater effectiveness.

The life of a missionary nurse is challenging and full of problems which she never meets at home, problems which she has not been trained to meet. On the other hand it is satisfying and filled with joy because she daily experiences the wisdom and power of God which overrules her ignorance and short-comings. At any rate there is never a dull moment and I am happy that God called me to become a missionary nurse.

PASTOR IN THE "BRUSH"—
OPPORTUNITIES COMPARED

By Bob and Betty Barnett

THIS is a wonderful place in which to live. The work is challenging in every aspect. The opportunities of servicein the name of Christ are never-ending. There is plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Our missionary children follow each day the directions of their favorite recipe which says, "To preserve children, take one large grassy field, one half-dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix children and dogs together, and put them into a field, stirring constantly. Sprinkle the field with flowers, spead over all a deep blue sky, and bake in a hot sun. When brown set away to cool in a bath tub."

Sona Bata, a Christian oasis in the midst of a huge area, is covered with people looking for the only "Way", the only "Truth", and the only "Life" worth living ! The territory this mission station covers is 10,000 square miles which is larger than the two states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island put together. It has an approximate population of 155,000 Africans with fifty-one active churches. There are 10,000 Christians here who live in 621 villages. This station is also responsible for over 5,000 pupils in 198 schools.

The "evangelist" like a Methodist bishop, must supervise the pastors and village teachers in his area; also be a teacher to them — helping them to grow in their capacity to take responsibility; he must be the liaison between the church and Mission station and the government; a bookkeeper, Boss workman and oftentimes mechanic, electrician and builder ..... but he is also pastor, counselor, and friend to all who need his personal guidance.

It would be interesting to see a TV program which would compare a pastor's life in the States and a missionary's life in Congo. One would probably be surprised at the similarities. The spiritual aims would be closely the same; to lead people to Christ and to teach followers an unadulterated Gospel.

The results would compare favorably also in that a good number would become church members while yet the majority would still remain on the Lord's "wanted" list. The widest breach in similarities would be seen in the field of endeavors dedicated to the "visitation program", "the qualifying program for church membership," "the baptism," "the church discipline", and "the building program".

Our TV program if tuned to the "visitation program" would perhaps show the following picture: On one side of the screen one might see the home pastor, dressed in a suit, climbing into a 1954 four door sedan Ford. Under his arm could be a brief case containing a Bible, some tracts, some blank forms entitled "Church Membership", some candy for children, a scratch pad and pencil, and maybe a couple of small boxes of weekly tithe money envelopes. On the other side of the screen one might see the missionary evangelist, dressed in a cotton sport shirt and some neat but well worn work pants, climbing into a 1954 pick-up truck. He has only a map in his hand that gives the main roads he can travel upon but marked in red are other roads or paths marked by the missionary himself to show the directions to far away villages that few white men ever visit. In the truck he has just loaded the following items; a food box full of food to last him from one to two weeks, a one burner kerosene stove in case it is raining and he has to cook in a one room hut, a camp cot and bedding, a mosquito net to protect him while asleep from small, middle size, and huge bugs, scorpions, falling dirt and thatch from the roof; a kerosene lantern by which he holds evening services and which he also hangs up in his grass, stick, and mud hut when the African night quickly comes at 6 p.m., a small portable table which he uses as a desk and on which he eats at mealtime, two wash pails that are used for washing clothes and taking "pale" baths, a small alphabetical file box with individual cards for each baptized church member in each separate village to be visited, and then last but most important his Kikongo Bible and hymnbook.

It is now time for us to see the program where the people become qualified for church membership. We see the home pastor holding classes from two to six weeks for those interested

in becoming church members. Some pastors, with the deacons, have a formal interview with the prospect to determine his intellectual, spiritual, and physical dedication. Its counterpart in Congo would show the African pastor holding a one year course of instruction for those interested in church membership. The difference in the time element of instruction is due to the extremely different background of the people and it takes a long time for most people to learn the "Way", the "Truth", and the "Life" that God wants them to follow. Yes, they believe there is a God even before you teach them but they believe Him to be very far away and inaccessable by mankind. The spirits of the dead are according to them the ruling powers of the world. Sometimes even after a year of instruction the new prospect still cannot fathom the truth and reason why anybody would do for us what Christ did on the cross. After the year of instruction the African pastor and missionary spend long hours questioning the many candidates individually to see if their intellectual, spiritual, and physical conduct and their faith have been improving and they are now qualified for church membership.

The new scene now appearing on our TV set shows the home pastor baptizing the new Christians in the baptistry that is either under or near the pulpit of the church. We also see the missionary leading a long line of people to be baptized from the church under the hot African sun across the fields and hills down to a stream that is deep enough for baptismal rites. Sometimes there are so many candidates that both the African pastor and missionary are baptizing in unison for an hour or more. Hymns are sung frequently during the ceremony to glorify God for His grace and mercy.

The church discipline scene *may* show the home pastor sitting with his deacons before an individual who has jeopardized his standing in Christian fellowship. The Congo scene shows the guilty person making a public confession of his sin and asking the pastor and congregation to forgive him. Congo church discipline is stern and swift. In the old days before Christianity reached them a thief caught in the act of stealing was taken out immediately into the village street and his right hand was cut off. Today, only his church fellowship and membership is cut off until

he repents publicly and shows by a probationary term that his repentance is from the heart. Although it means fewer members and perhaps less money in the treasury the faithful church members believe it is better to obey the Word of God in chastizing their own people.

Now we see the building program scene. On the home front the pastor and deacons and special building committee hire a designer and contractor to undertake the actual planning and building of the church edifice. Many details are considered in planning for the many different sections of the church. Then a promotional and inspirational program to raise funds to cover all expenses is promulgated and carried out. At the same time we see the missonary at his desk trying to draw a plan for a simple one room church that will seat from five-hundred to a thousand people. If the church is to be built of rock, bricks, poles and thatch then he must plan where he can get these materials from possible near-by areas. Also how will these things be transported and who will be the crew to help him with the actual labor of it all ? Many times the rock has to be carried from miles away in baskets held on top of the head, the poles sawed or chopped down manually out of a forest, and the thatch cut and carried by hand. The missionary then builds a kiln in which he can burn hundreds of thousands of home-made bricks. After this labor is over he must find amongst his workers those who can count and perhaps can almost draw a straight line. It can be very difficult for Africans to "see" whether a wall is level or straight and so some teaching may be necessary as the work progresses up to the day the church is finally completed. As for finances the majority of the materials can many times be found within an area of a few miles and the planning and teaching is provided free by the missionary. Part of the labor and materials are donated but the major cost for masons, carpenters etc. is born by the church. There are exceptions to the rule in all the examples given here but that must be expected when there are different missionaries, materials, plans, people and areas.

We know it is pleasing to God to see pastors at home and missionary evangelists both meeting the challenging opportunities of service that God gives to all the followers of His Son, Jesus Christ.

HOMEMAKING IN THE CITY OF MUD

By Jeannette Stuart

A missionary wife, in anticipating her first term of service on the field, imagined a life quite different from what would be her lot were she to stay at home. Now, after three months in Congo, I find that the miles that separate us from our native land do not hinder us from trying to make the home situation here as similar as possible to that found in the States. The housewife in Congo attempts to keep her home as neat and comfortable as she is able. Problems, of course, present themselves: the combat against ants and other prevalent creatures, the discouraging attempt to keep down the mud during the rainy season and the red dust during the dry season. The name Banza Manteke is translated "City of Mud' and one would believe it to see our two year old son march home on raised stilts of "red cement".

Before coming to Congo it is understood that in most instances the need exists for help in the missionary home. I could foresee advantages and disadvantages to such an arrangement, and now having been placed in the situation I am aware of both. How much time was saved us in asking our school girls to place the postage on our Christmas cards when more time was spent on our part reglueing the over-moistened stamps that had not adhered to the envelope? Fortunately, as is always the case, incidents such as this are outweighed by more worthwhile experiences. We are grateful for the devotion shown to our two small children by attentive young Congolese school children. An expression of thanks goes out to our experienced Congolese cook when a hot appetizing meal is set down before us. The relief provided by our wash-jack is obvious as he labors over scrub board and iron to keep ahead of the family wash. The help provided by these devoted Congolese allows greater freedom just now for language study and introduction to new responsibilities. Too, by having Congolese help in the home, a job is being offered a man who otherwise would be compelled to find work elsewhere and lack the surroundings of a Christian community.

It also gives the missionary a close contact with the Congolese in one's own home. In addition, a good part of the limited Kikongo vocabulary which is mine to date has been taught me through signs and repetition of words by my helpful and ever-smiling one-tooth wash-jack.

It is amusing to visit the native market which establishes itself not far from our home early each Wednesday morning. It presents an occasion to practice one's rudimentary knowledge of the language. Generally my first sentence or question is understood since I have rehearsed it and in response I am overwhelmed by the "jumble" of words spoken by the Congolese women. By the expression of bewilderment on my face or by my search for words to construct a second phrase, they are soon conscious of my inadequacy to converse and a short lesson in Kikongo is in session. A visit to the market is worthwhile from points of view other than language. What housewife at home wouldn't like to buy a fresh pineapple for 4 cents or a stalk of one-hundred bananas for 70 cents? There are also those native fruits uncommon in our usual diet for which we are trying to develop a taste such as papayas, mangos and avocados.

Other native products are also available, peanuts, for example. How ridiculous it seemed as we opened our food order from home to come upon a dozen jars of peanut butter when we were grinding peanuts right here at home for that very purpose. One Congolese dish we have readily taken to is that of "mwamba ngazi" — chicken cooked in a sauce made of palm nut oil and peanut butter! We had the occasion to feast on this native meal thanks to the generous Christmas gift brought to us by our washjack. In the process of opening presents Christmas morning we were interrupted by the "*ko-ko-ko*" at our door. There stood Vweta and his wife dressed in their finest, having walked five miles from their village to bring us their Christmas gift. Upon the wife's head sat a large casserole in which lay a live chicken and five eggs covered by a piece of crocheting through which were tucked sprays of delicate forest flowers including tiny wild orchids.

To return to the topic of our new language, a formal study of Kikongo is arranged for the new missionary. Shortly after

our arrival at Banza Manteke, Annis Ford introduced us to the basic principles of Kikongo. Our very first lesson in learning the customary greetings employed by the Congolese was followed by a practical lesson as we went out to the workers' village to make ready use of our newly-learned vocabulary. In the course of two or three weeks we were designated to Congolese teachers who now meet with us three times weekly to tutor us in the planned lessons for Kikongo study. With French as our medium for speaking, there are phases of grammar that are yet difficult to put across and for explanation of these more detailed aspects of the study, Mary Bonar, who has thirty years of experience in the language, consents to help us.

And so the days of preparation at home and those in Belgium are followed by continued days and months and no doubt years of learning here in Congo. The new missionary not only has another language to master but a new people to study and to come to know. And these same people are observing us as new missionaries. In the words of one Congolese to me — "You are as a monkey in a cage with scores of people looking in on you." To this remark, the housewife is no exception. It is my prayer that I might live above the petty things that might distract me and that the light of Christ might shine through my heart and through my home.

GIRLS, HAIR-DOS AND HOME-EC

By Ethel Forcinelli

WILL you pay a visit to our *Ecole Ménagère?*, translated meaning Homemaking School. Here you will find 54 future African homemakers and mothers. You will be greeted by some of the most beautiful smiles you have ever seen and some of the most interesting hair-dos too! The ages of these girls are anywhere from 13-18 and they are very typical teenagers. Our three classes, first second and third years, meet in a new building which was a gift of the Belgian government for the promotion of better living for the Congolese. It is a lovely green rambling building. It has four classrooms, a large cooking and

sewing room and a store room as well as an office for the teachers. We have two men teachers and one woman teacher. Also belonging to our school are two houses known as *Maison Modèle*, model house, and *Maison Pratique*, practice house, in which the girls learn to live in a manner more modern than their customs. Here they sleep, eat and study. It is much the same as a house on any school campus at home. The walls display favorite pictures, mementos and the like and the girls must learn communal living, sharing joys, sorrows, problems and responsibilities. While these girls are learning the arts of homemaking, along with this they are studying arithmetic, French, reading, music, grammar, hygiene, child care and most important of all, Christian principles and Bible study.

I wish you all could have the experience of hearing the girls sing as they work. One starts a chant and all join in with a great deal of harmony. They love to sing as they can express their feelings through this media. They are forever composing new tunes and fitting words to them. This expressive quality is even more unique in their hand work. I have never seen such lovely embroidery as is done by these girls by simply counting threads without the use of printed patterns! One day I showed them a piece of crochet work I had and they immediately began copying it and produced perfect results. One of our main problems is not having enough supplies on hand for their hand work as they work so rapidly on the things they enjoy!

The girls have been a great help in getting me to try using Kikongo since their French is limited. Of course my Kikongo is limited too but by using a little of both and some sign language we have managed to communicate. Their faces brighten so when I try a few words. We both enjoy my mistakes such as saying "tanga" (which means to read) instead of "tunga" (which means to sew). I might well say "cut" when I mean "stitch"and "front" when I mean "back". But then, that is how we learn.

Yes, I'm sure a visit to our *Ecole Ménagère* would surprise you, please you and make you proud to know that you have a part in this valuable training of the lives of these girls in Africa. Their educational opportunities are increasing but there is a tremendous need for reaching and teaching thousands more.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER: CONNECTICUT EO CONGO

By Joseph Forcinelli

THE lesson was to be Genesis I, "The Creation". In the Belgian Congo, as in Belgium itself, Saturday classes are very much a part of the school week. "Six o'clock class today", I said to my wife, Ethel, as I waved good-bye and went to meet my third year high school boys. The point we emphasized in the lesson was: "In the beginning, God..."

Some eight years ago, I was standing before another class of students in the ninth grade Junior High, only this time it was in the State of Connecticut, U.S.A. Ethel had already been graduated from Teachers College and I was doing my practice teaching. This class was an exception since I was substituting for just one day and the subject was French! Would I ever have guessed that that fifty minute class in French was to be a distant forerunner of a full time job teaching a regular high school program in the French language in Africa?

We who are Christian never cease to marvel at God's creative power, His perfect plan in nature and in the lives of men. The Gospel in Congo and our infinitesimal share in its extension, to me comes under the heading: "In the beginning, God..." It was fifteen years ago that I was converted from Roman Catholicism to follow the plain truth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and my personal Saviour. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is really not recent in Africa. In the Acts of the Apostles we read about the first African convert, an Ethiopian led to Christ by the disciple, Philip (Acts 8 : 27) nearly two thousand years ago. This early African church never had a fair chance to grow. But in these days, it is not only growing stronger but God has now seen fit to enlighten this ancient continent through the education of its peoples.

Congo Contrasts

The Congo is a country of contrasts. The six provincial capitals, of which Léopoldville is the greatest, present a picture of

modern commercial and industrial cities. Yet not many miles from any one of these urban centers one steps into the more extensive bush country with all the elements of primitive and often pagan life present. If we have already observed these differences we have also seen with a more interested eye, the contrasts in the educational program. Since our arrival, Ethel has been responsible for the girls' homemaking school, and I have been teaching in the high school. I would like to share with you a few observations of high school work here as compared to what we have known.

Who Shall Be Educated and How

I well remember when in 1950, the educational experts at home were citing that in 1960 our high school population in America would be at its peak, bringing with it a grave teacher and building shortage. This is understandable when one considers that our American free public school system placest he emphasis on education for ALL American youth. Here as in Belgium, education is highly selective. While it is the good intention of our Belgian friends to give the African every opportunity for education, the students from primary school on up are given trimestral and final examinations with the result that they are continually being channeled into other more suitable levels of training. For example, government statistics for 1951 show that in the category of subsidized mission schools, which includes our own, there were 5,784 First Degree primary schools, equivalent to first and second grade in America, with a total school population of 306,583. The next four years of primary included only 1,287 schools with 132,138 students. From there the figures drop to 14 secondary schools with 952 students. Our high school here at Banza Manteke is one of very few in the Congo. We have 145 students attending three years of what should be a six-year school. You may have already guessed that our high school is still far from being the institution it is at home. Yet I don't think I would trade the fine building and the excellent materials of our American schools for the keen passion for learning that our Congolese boys have. The severest punishment you can impose on them is to deprive them of class time. Moreover, the lack of

materials does not mean that there is a lack of good teaching. It is not unknown at home to see poor teaching hiding behind the facade of luxurious and often pretentious materials.

Very often in the course of a school day one feels very little difference in the classroom climate as compared to a school at home. The paradox is however that while these boys are eager and make ready response, you never suspect when they are suddenly left in the dark because of another culture barrier. It seems that there are still many blind spots in their realm of experience. If we give them exercises to memorise, they do rather well. But when it becomes a question of reasoning and relating ideas, they become silent. I believe that as they gain more background they will be able to better apply their knowledge. The Belgians favor a question and answer type of lesson. This too will help them to think better as their store of ideas grows. But students are so much like our own teenagers at home. They love sports, they like to form groups, and they are very "prestige conscious" in their relation with each other and regarding the different classes.

Because Congo education is still mostly in the hands of the missionaries there remains one contrast which is greater than all the others: Courses in religion are thoroughly integrated into the curriculum. This is quite different from school practice at home. But we still feel that all our educational work stems from the interest and impetus of our Congolese church. The local church, after all, is the center of our efforts for it is through its continued outreach that Christianity in the Congo will remain strong. The rising tide of secularism will bring educational innovations, but the role of the Congo church will remain as always: the cornerstone of Christian life upon which all of life has its foundation. That is why one of our great responsibilities here is to give these boys and girls a vital relationship with Christ and in service to His church while they pass their years here. They may soon forget many of the facts of learning but they must never forget that they are Christ's and He is theirs.

"In the beginning, God..."

INTRODUCTIONS AT E.P.I.

By Leon and Martha Emmert

IT only took a few days to make us realize that EPI Kimpese was no longer a far away School for Pastors and Teachers in the strange new land of Congo. We began to grasp the fact that we were living right in the midst of this great school. To us EPI has become an introduction to all of Congo, for to EPI come many of our best young people from every part of Congo and even Ruanda. We have found that life here means a constant working to maintain this channel of education for the youth of Congo. The fact that we had arrived five days before the students came gave us a little time to get acquainted with the campus buildings. We could somehow see beyond these lovely buildings, clipped lawns and flowering borders the work of many missionaries over many years. We could only imagine what it must have been like at the outset, when Catherine Mabie worked here or before George Carpenter came with his genius for work. What a coveted privilege it is today to be a student at EPI!

We were eager to meet the students, everything seemed so empty without them, the church, the paths and the villages. And then one morning they arrived and the chapel overflowed on all sides. We were overwhelmed with the multitude of dark faces. The names seemed hopeless and the prevalence of the use of Kikongo rather put us back where we were in Belgium when we sat in church and couldn't as yet understand the French. We felt demoted linguistically but soon rekindled our hopes of learning this new language and becoming a part of the work here. Little by little faces began to take on certain distinguishing characteristics and names found a place beside them. This continues as between us in classes we have 285 different faces and names that we ought to know. Until the uniforms were issued we were helped by the fact that most of the boys can't wear a different shirt everyday, so we could remember Jean or Edouard by his blue or yellow shirt. You can't go by the color of the hair or eyes here, you know.

Little by little the six different schools began to reveal a

distinct personality and purpose and we saw that altogether EPI was doing a tremendous service to each of the three cooperating missions. Of the many Primary schools one finds in Congo we can't imagine one which could impress us more. A large new building together with a science building and a row of older open classrooms nurture the beginnings of many a future Christian leader. Their Congolese teachers, full of the joy of their high calling, are out bright and early in the morning with their lively classes doing gymnastics before classes begin. They teach them patiently and lovingly; they work beside them during the period for manual labor. We are convinced that these young lives are receiving adequate direction for a useful Christian role in the future of Congo.

Continuing around the beautiful ball field, at the end we find the buildings which house the artisanal school. This is dedicated to the principle that manual labor is honorable for a Christian. The boys are kept busy learning by doing, under the guidance and tireless direction of Elmer Hall. Nearby are the Secondary school buildings with five large classrooms and as many large classes of bright young men full of surprises for young missionaries. (We can manage a surprise occasionally now ourselves! Never underestimate the shock value of a pop quiz. Virginia Hjertstedt taught us that, along with many other things!) A little farther on, the school for Monitors with its tower overlooks the ballfield from the opposite side as the Primary school buildings. One can see the students with their portable blackboards going to practice teaching in the primary classes most any morning and always their teacher, Vendla Anderson, is vigilant for their improvement. There are five large classes in this four year course, since the third year is divided in two classes. The study hall library for the students is housed on the second floor of the Monitor's building.

Another newer building is the Women's Center, with a commodious foyer that can be transformed into impressive festivity simply by standing a giant palm leaf in each corner or stringing the many colored leaves of Congo in festoons as was done for the Christmas season. Here the women learn how to sew, how to prepare food in a better way, tips on gentler wash-

ing methods, as well as reading, writing, Bible and other "book learning". The foyer also serves as a recreation hall four nights a week where by a program of rotation all of the students have a few opportunities each year to learn to play together...not as much as we would like however.

The classes that inspire us to joy and courage and reach out a sustaining hand to missionaries new and old are found in the oldest classrooms on the campus, the Seminary, or simply the Theology Course. Here we have two classes, 11 men in each class. They will graduate in 1958 and 1960. Until then they need our prayers that they may be able to endure privations, temptations, and much drudgery in order to prepare themselves for the ministry. To lose one of them would be more than we can afford. They have already shown themselves to be truly our brothers.

One can't leave off speaking of the buildings of EPI without some mention made of its beautiful symbol, the Kimpese church. Also mention must be made of the dispensary, the nursery which is alive with babies seven days a week, the missionary residences showing ideas of what was considered necessary from the beginning, in our big inefficient assemblage of rooms, to the smaller, compact and highly efficient home of the Halls.

But the unique beauty of EPI Kimpese, as we see it, is in the opportunity it gives for Christian missionaries of different lands to show their unity of love and purpose to the Congolese. To those of us who like variety and an interchange of ideas with people somewhat different from us (and who doesn't?) Kimpese offers an ideal situation. The idiosyncrasies of each nationality are carefully catalogued and humorously recounted by the students, and I suppose they have even developed particular cases within the nationalities, although the thought is rather unsettling to some of us. I read somewhere that "To get together is a beginning, to work together is progress, but to stick together is success." I would say that the British, the Swedish, and the American missionaries here at Kimpese have been pretty successful in view of that statement in spite of mutual differences and the irritations they sometimes produce. It shows what God can do when Christians put Him above their prejudices, when He is given pre-eminence.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL—AFRICAN STYLE

By Charles Stuart

THE Congo educational system in terms of years of existence is very young indeed. Largely a child of the century with only a few roots in the last decades of the nineteenth, the present school program has come into being through the efforts of government, missionary, as well as private societies. Since the last general law of 1948, missions, both Catholic and Protestant, have been able to receive government subsidies on the basis of certain requirements. Thus the present number of Congolese in school, which is in the neighborhood of one and a half million, are receiving training in either official institutions directly run by the State, mission schools subsidized by the government or in private schools, mission or otherwise, not receiving government subsidies. This entire educational system is today attempting to meet the present demand by a Congolese society which greatly needs trained personnel in all fields of endeavor.

The educational organization in our own mission work follows a pattern which is more or less uniform. The Congolese youth begin their school days in humble village schools or in a consolidated unit which includes several villages. Here takes place some of the most important teaching as the youngsters learn the intricacies of the three R's. The program at this level lasts in general for two years, this section being known as the *premier degré*. From this vital beginning the students go on to a regional school for three more years of training. This cycle is known as the *Deuxième degré*, "*ordinaire*". For many, these five years of primary school are all that they receive. There is, however, opportunity for further study in post-primary or in secondary school education. Thus, in order to prepare students for this work, there are four-year primary schools, third year through sixth, which are called primary schools, *deuxième degré*, "*sélectionnée*". This cycle of teaching is usually found on the mission station proper and students come from a wide area to live on the station grounds while continuing their studies.

It is with the direction of a primary school of this latter

variety, four years of primary school preparatory for secondary, that I have been confronted. With this as with any new responsibility there is much that remains unknown to the neophyte director. It is our privilege to have, however, a group of teachers whose familiarity with the work is the result of years of experience in their present positions. Our school staff consists of eight Congolese teachers, two for each year. They are a dedicated group who perform a task with, many times, what we might consider only a minimum of training. Three of our primary school monitors have two years post-primary training specifically oriented to train them for teaching. Three others have these two years of post-primary teacher training and, in addition, two years of secondary school. The remaining two are graduates of the four year Monitor's School at Kimpese.

The school program is carried on six days a week with classes beginning at 6 :00 and lasting until 11:20. The afternoons are given over to manual activities for the students. Each teacher has a class of between thirty to thirty-five for which he must keep a daily journal of class activity as required by the government. In addition, a notebook of lesson preparation must be kept which must be ready for inspection either by the director or the government or mission inspector when the latter arrives on the station. Instruction in all four years of study is given primarily in French. The native language, Kikongo, however, is studied and the religion courses are given in the native tongue.

After only three months of direct contact with the school situation, one is hardly in a position to give a studied impression of the work. Initial reactions, however, are many. The numbers of students in our schools are impressive, so much so that one wonders if we are not trying to do too much with what we have. On the other hand, one realizes that refused an opportunity in our schools many would be unable tc find a place.

It is logical and in keeping with similar developments in the past that a large share of responsibility for education in this growing society rests with the missions. The Christian Church in seeking to advance the cause of Christ has realized the necessity of a trained mind as well as a dedicated spirit if indigenous leadership is to result. Thus, the message of the Christian Gospel has

many times been given most effectively through the medium of mission schools. The contact of hundreds of students with consecrated Congolese teachers and missionary personnel and the formal religious instruction given in the class are important means for the communication of the Christian message to the Congolese youth. That this communication could not be more effective, that many times the necessity of meeting government standards seems to crowd out other considerations are matters with which we must all be concerned. Our mission schools exist as a witness to the Christian concern for the whole man, both body and soul. The training of the mind is vital, but the challenge of Christian commitment on the part of each student remains most important. The ever present danger in the existent relationship between our schools and the government is that our institutions may become in essence and in fact just public schools. Against this we must be on guard. Mission schools seek to train the mind, but also and primarily seek to direct youth in the Christian way, in a giving of life and talent to the ongoing of the Church of Christ in Congo.

REQUESTS UNLIMITED!

By Philip J. Uhlinger

Vanga needs a new car for evangelistic work.

Moanza would like to have an administration building.

At Banza Manteke the girls' primary school lacks an adequate building.

A promising graduate of the Normal School at Kimpese would like to receive further education.

Budgets for the educational work need to be restudied in line with Board appropriations.

Untouched areas of our field should be reached — if the funds and staff are available.

THESE and many more requests are brought to the Reference Committee composed of one missionary and one Congolese

delegate from each of our eight stations. Meeting at Léopoldville this time, provides the delegates from the "brush" stations an opportunity for driving in city traffic once more as well as making many needed purchases. The contrast in the two ways of life in the Congo — "the city" and "the forest" — was pointed up by Tata Muvuyu from Moanza. In a devotional talk he emphasized that just as it is impossible for "a man of the forest" to act at home in the city — his true habits would soon manifest themselves — so genuine Christianity cannot long be faked. Short devotional messages at the opening of every session enabled us to share the problems, faith and Christian insight of fellow-workers, both missionary and Congolese.

Many decisions were reached in the attempt to strengthen, deepen and expand our witness in Congo. A committee was appointed to push the planning for the new Kwango Secondary School; the need for a second evangelistic couple to meet the challenge in the Vanga field was recognized; an effort was made to provide for — as well as possible — the medical work of the mission with our present four doctors, one of whom will soon be retiring; a plan was put into effect to take advantage of the generous offer of the Congo government to finance the sending of several Congolese to the Brussels Exposition in 1958.

As to the many requests classified as "property" — cars with which to visit schools and churches, buildings for schools, homes for Congolese staff, wards for hospital patients, radio transmitters for communication between stations, — these were carefully reviewed as submitted by the stations, some rejected as not being sufficiently urgent, and the rest classified in order of priority and forwarded to the "big chiefs" in New York. Along with these requests goes the hope and the prayer that there will be sufficient funds to meet at least some of them.

Finally it is all over, and after one more hurried trip down town everyone is homeward bound. Of what value are these meetings? A change of scene for a few days, inspiration received in meditation together, routine but necessary business transacted and above all the opportunity for formal and informal discussion with colleagues leading to a renewal of the spirit of oneness in our efforts for Christ!

THEN AND NOW 1923 - 1956

By Viola L. Smith

FLYING over Belgium on our way back to the U.S.A. I cannot help but contrast this trip with our arrival in Belgium in 1922 en route to the Congo.

Travel

"Then" it took us 10 days for the Atlantic crossing and 22 for the boat trip from Antwerp to Matadi, followed by two full days on a narrow guage railway to Léopoldville, bumping, jerking and swaying in our swivel seats, eating lunches we carried with us, drinking tepid water boiled and filtered for the journey, and having holes burned in our clothes by the hot sparks from the locomotive. "Now" we are flying from Leopoldville to Brussels in 19 hours and will make the Atlantic crossing in 14 hours or less. The Matadi-Léopoldville trip is now made in a modern train in 10 hours, with dining-car service and iced Pepsicola to be had at any time.

"Then" it took us three weeks to reach Kikongo from Léopoldville, travelling by stern-wheeler river steamers that tied up each night to take on wood for fuel. For the trip up the Wamba we carried our own camp cots and set them up on shore each night, hurriedly packing them before the steamer left at dawn. We prepared our own meals from supplies which we had brought with us. One trip to conference by foot-path from Kikongo to Léopoldville took 12 days. "Now" as we left Kikongo for our trip home, a Studebaker station wagon set us down in Léopoldville 15 hours later in spite of being stuck in the sand and having engine trouble for four hours :

Language Study

The new missionary of today, taking one look at the numerous written exercises called for by the bulky Severn Manual promptly begins to groan. But it is only 8 years that we have had the benefit of a text book prepared for the use of missionaries learning the Kikongo language. How vividly I recall the frantic pantomine of our Congolese language teacher who knew no

English and yet managed by trial and error, using the Bible as a text book, to beat some Kikongo into our heads. The erudite Laman grammar was the basis for our language examinations, bless their agonizing memory!

Food-Health-Housing

We never dreamed, as we listened to canned goods exploding in the sweltering heat of Matadi during our first term in Congo, that the day would come when we would chill "cokes" in our refrigerator and take frozen leopard steak from the freezing unit of a kerosene burning Servel. Thirty years have brought a tremendous improvement in the quality and variety of canned goods available and a consequent improvement in the appetite and health of the missionaries. To the refrigerator alone can be attributed much of the greater energy and productivity of the present day missionary.

As we look back over the many years of repeated malarial chills that literally shook us until the bed rattled, followed by fevers that left us washed out and too weak to stand, we are amazed that for an entire term we have had no malarial fever. Is it because this term is the first in which we have had a house of permanent materials, adequately screened? Is it because DDT has effectively kept the mosquitoes away? What a blessing it has been not to be wakened several times a night to spray fly-tox in a futile effort to keep sand-flies and mosquitoes at bay! Not even a mosquito net was effective against sandflies. As we think back to the three-room mud house shared with the Leasures at Nsona Mpangu, followed by the tiny two-room bamboo house and a succession of mud houses until 1951, we are thankful beyond measure that the new missionaries coming to the field now with their families will, for the most part, have homes built of permanent materials and promise of better health.

Missionary Children

There were no missionary children on the field when we arrived in 1923. We knew, when our daughter was born in 1924, that we could not look forward to keeping her with us. It was contrary to mission policy, so when she was 20 months old she

was taken back to America and has never returned. The little children of that time, fanatically protected against the sun, were pale, anemic, fever-ridden, and without appetite. What a contrast to the happy, rosy-cheeked children who are the joy and pride of our missionary conferences today! The same Congo, but improved living conditions and communications. No longer is it necessary to take three weeks to get to a doctor, by row boat and river steamer, as it did when I fell ill in 1930. Now no station is more than 10 hours drive from a mission doctor, even though the roads may be bumpy, sandy and primitive.

Schools

Who was it that said "Boys at one end of a log and ateacher at the other comprise a school?" How many of our Congo schools were just that! In fact, some of our present village schools are not much more. Our first school at Kikongo was held in the tent that had been our home; the children sat on the ground and wrote in the sand with their fingers; they recited *ba be bi bo bu* after their teacher, often reading the syllables upside down as their teacher held the one text book facing himself. The program was whatever the teacher could teach with the pitifully few text books then available in the Congo language.

E.P.I., our school for the training of pastors and teachers, with its 6 year secondary school normal course and 4 year theological course, is a far cry from the K.E.T.I. (Kikongo Evangelical Training Institute) that we knew in 1924, whose graduates did not reach the standard of our present day station boarding schools.

Perhaps in no other area of our work has progress been more striking than in our schools; our most effective instrument in the winning of the youth of Congo to Christ. For the rapid raising of the educational standard we can be thankful for the day the Belgian government recognized the justice of giving recognition and financial aid to protestant schools as it had been doing for Roman Catholic schools. *(to be continued)*

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

BANZA MANTEKE
via Matadi†

Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Rhoda Nielsen, R. N.
Miss Marion Simmons
Miss Elizabeth Spinney, R. N.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stuart
Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Uhlinger

BOKO
via Popokabaka et Inkisi‡

Miss Alice Jorgenson, R. N.
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Robbins
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Scott
Miss Doris Wiseman

KIKONGO *sur Wamba*
via Banningville‡

Miss Agnes Anderson, R. N.
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Boone
Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Rev. and Mrs L. A. Brown
Miss Margot Hakes
Rev. and Mrs. Brainerd Fraser
Miss Esther Greenmun, R. N.

E.P.I., KIMPESE
via Matadi†

Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. Leon Emmert
Rev. and Mrs. Elmer Hall
Miss Virginia Hjertstedt

I.M.E., KIMPESE
via Matadi†

Miss Joy Ingalls, R. N.
Dr. Carrie E. Sprague

LEOPOLDVILLE 2
B. P. 4728

Miss Margaret Alsen
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Rev. Phyllis L. Benner
Miss Annis Ford
Mr. and Mrs. Murray F. Sharp
Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Weaver

MOANZA *sur Inzia,*
via Masi-Manimba‡

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. Donald C. Niles
Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Stabell
Miss Dorothy Wiseman, R. N.

SONA BATA
via Matadi†

Dr. and Mrs. Norman Abell
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Barnett
Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Metzger
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Madelyn Albrecht

VANGA *sur Kwilu,*
via Kikwit ‡

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark
Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Forcinelli
Miss Emily Keyes
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Pearson
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddle

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Jump
Miss Jean Luckey
Miss Virginia Nickerson, R. N.
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*
† *All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi*
‡ *For air-mail add — and Léopoldville.*